for Annual

AMONG THE SAUCERS AT GIANT ROCK

A Palm Springs Faubourg Has an Annual Al Fresco Convention of Believers in Tourists From Outer Space.

By Frank Scully.

London has its Hyde Park, New York its Columbus Circle, Los Angeles its Pershing Square, and Palm Springs? Well, America's topmost desert resort has its sounding board, too. It happens to be outside the city limits but we're claiming it as a annual attraction.

Its called Giant Rock, where every year just when clocks and watches are being changed to daylight saving time, all shades of opinion gathered to air their views over a loud speaker in a two-day convention. Though primarily designed to report what's new in the field of interplanetary travel, anything seemingly goes.

People - as many as 5,000 - come from as far east as Detroit and as far west as Los Angeles to attend this convention. They come in all sorts of conveyances, and hnndreds camp out Saturday night in trailers, portable tents, sleeping bags and their cars, for there are no hotels or motels at Giant Rock and the road, in and out, is one long sand trap.

Giant Rock is owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Van Tassel. He formerly was a test pilot for Lockheed, but several years ago he migrated to the desert outpost because it had an air strip and was hard to reach otherwise. It gave him privacy. Plenty of it. At least until he said he saw some flying saucers and talked to one of their pIlots.

Soon he was attracting persons of similar mind and in time he set up a week-end seminar called the College of Universal Wisdom. This didn't leave room for all the pilgrims, so he decided to hold a spacecraft convention each spring. Then they came in thousands, some even to take sunbaths, as well as to listen to the speeches.

The Van Tassels have a small lunch room but during the conventions they close it, being too busy to feed themselves or anybody else. Others moved in to fill the cavity. Trucks loaded with soft drinks, hot dogs, ice cream and other aids to sure-fire indigestion took over feeding those who were not smart enough to bring their own provender.

The press, news reels and tape-recording radio commentators usually come early Saturday, scoop what they can by noon and hit out for home before Sundown. This assures them of not hearing the most startling ~~stories~~ revelations or photographing the biggest crowds because cars keep coming in Saturday night and the speakers ~~get~~ get hotter by Sunday. The press naturally plays it safe. They write with tongue-in-cheek, which is ~~fine~~ fun if they would write that way about other conventions, too, as well, which they rarely do.

Giant Rock is about an hour's run east of Palm Springs, ~~20~~ up on the plateau of Morongo Valley miles ~~further~~ in the desert ~~than~~ beyond Joshua Tree. It far beyond where the pavement ends, 17 miles in fact. ~~Sometimes as many as 5,000 make the trip to hear~~ There the Saucerians ~~xxx~~ air their experiences, laying bare everything from the latest personal encounter with unidentified flying objects to the religious and social significance of these interplanetary phenomena.

Every year suprise speakers break out with a hair-raising tales and the Van Tassels give them all a chance to sound off. The speakers climb a stairway to a watch tower and after a brief introduction by George Van Tassel, the microphone and public address system are theirs.

Radio and television stations frequently pride themselves on their spontaneous and unrehearsed programs but Giant Rock is the mostest in spontaniety I ever heard.

Myself referred to at these al fresco ~~chxxxxx~~ clambakes as the "Dean of Flying Saucers" because I seem to have written

I am
the first book on the subject, xxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
exhumed each year to talk,(No time limit is imposed on any speaker by Chairman Van Tassel, no matter how far the speaker or Van Tassel may wander from the subject) and then asked to remain on the elevated platform for the question and answer period, which ends each day.

Observers from the FBI, The Air Force, The Sheriff's Office and I guess from Patten, are on the grounds, checking on what I believe is the nicest lunar fringe in this far-flung land of loveable screwballs (which I just made up).

There's a story of a saucer landing near Patten and blowing a tire of its landing gear. While affecting a change three nuts fell into a stream and were lost. The pilot looked around.

"Mister", called an inmate from behind the high wire fence, "take one nut from each of your other three wheels. That will hold your fourth wheel till you get back where you came from."

The pilot from outer space was amazed at this simple solution.

"We're crazy here", the inmate explained, "but we're not stupid."

The same could be said of those who gather each spring at Giant Rock, except that with each passing year their company gets bigger and it is now hard to tell who is crazy and who isn't. The latest to join their number are two men who were once big wheels in the Air Materiel Command, the division of the defense are which had been assigned in 1949 to check on this flying saucer craze.

They now admit there are such things as flying saucers, that the Air Force after evaluating some 4,000 sightings have at least 400 which could not be explained away as (1) conventional objects wrongly identified (2) a mild form of mass hysteria and (3) hoaxes. They have movies, still photographer's shots and the personal reports of trained pilots, astromomers and radar specialists.

When I first plumped into this mystery in 1949, the Pentagonians, a strange race holed up in an odd-shaped building in our nation's capital, dismissed the whole inquiry as so much nonsense. However, they were stuck with 34 sightings which would not disappear when they rubbed an eraser over their blackboard.

For things which did not exist to increase from 34 to 400 in five years seems to me an amazing feat in legerdemain.

When I first put down the findings of magnetic research scientists in a literary trinket called " Behind the Flying Saucers", I soon found myself in a war between the Saucerians (believers) and the Pentagonians (non-believers). Like all neutralists I found myself being pressured into one camp or the other, and in the end rather perferred the company of the Saucerians.

I dealt with grounded saucers and dead crews and so in a sense was more like a patholigist than a surgeon who would be dealing in live tissues and live issues.

In time I was followed by writers who reported personal interviews and flights with people from outer space. One reported he made eleven visits aboard a saucer north of Las Vegas. It was manned by a crew of more than 30 men and captained by a lucious number, billed as Aura Rhanes. She looked like a fugitive from a Vegas chorus line but said she actually was a grandmother where she came from. And where was that? Well, Clarion. You never heard of this planet? Neither have astronomers but the man's wife heard so much about it and this dame who captained the space ship that she divorced him last year.

Another, while working at White Sands, a government proving ground for rockets, found himself approached one night, invited aboard a saucer and flown to New York and back in less than you could say "It Went that-a-way!"

He, however, reported no female aboard and so his domestic life continues comparatively serene. He first told his tale at Giant Rock two years ago.

Still a third has reported between hard covers of several trips aboard saucers. He has photographed many of them. One of his photographs was credited by him to a contemporary who subsequently denied he took it. This has caused a continuous controversy in Saucerian circles but his other pictures have had confirmation by photographs of a similar design taken by observers as far away as England.

I was particularly interested in these photographic documents, because in Behind the Flying Saucers I had described a grounded object of similar design. It had three huge ball-bearings as a landing gear and was shaped like a giant sun-lamp.

Some scurrilous characters claim the photographs of my contemporary were sun lamps, and not so gigantic either, but I have not joined the scoffers who believe because a thing can be simulated the original never existed.

Indeed in a television debate on the issue in Los Angeles, I pointed out to a former Air Force captain and head of Project Bluebook, the name of the defense arm's interplanetary inquiry, that I had seen Paramount make a beautiful miniature of an A-bomb explosion and if he thought that because of this an actual A-bomb was a fake, brother, he was in for some lethal radiation one of these radioactive days. He saw the point and dropped the role of a doubting Thomas.

At the Giant Rock convention on Saturday night George Van Tassel transformed his retreat into an outdoor movie theatre. Andy Vale, a Hollywood cameraman, flew in a film that showed shots of unidentified objects in flight.

One shot was of one of these circular mysteries flying over Mullholland Drive, a highway familiar to the Hollywood inhabitants.

In my home in Hollywood xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxs ago I had seem more xxxxx and better footage of at least xxxxx 15 times in one night before top cameramen, experts in special effects aerodynamic engineers,

In my home in Hollywood I had seem more and better footage of this phenomenon about two years ago. Indeed I had run the film at least 15 times in one night before top cameramen, experts in special effects and aerodynamic engineers, Civilian and Air Fce Force Reserve Pilots. And none could explain the film away.

It is almost impossible to fake in color, they agreed, and it would have cost a fortune to have shot by special effects what these men got on film. They had returned from shooting a picture in the Andes. Their cameras were badly banged up. Repaired, they were testing them for "pan shots" above Hollywood when this object looking xxxxxx like a White Mexican hat came into view from the left. They followed it until it reversed itself, making a 180 degree turn, and flew back over Nichols Canyon.

One of the cameramen being an old White House newsreel photographer even changed to a telephoto lens to get a closeup of the object. It was mighty convincing stuff.

The first question that entered our minds was what would an object like that be doing near 2,000,000 people? We checked the terrain and ran into a bunch of terrestrial anomalies. Those living deep in the canyon for an area about 1200 feet wide got perfect television reception. ~~Outis~~ Outside those limits they had to run their cables to the top of the mountain.

Checking with geophysical ~~instruments we found~~ they went dead from noon to ~~2~~ two in the afternoon. Those walking inside this zone soon developed a nausea. Along the cliffs were ~~xixxxx~~ circular formations like giant mudpies which had been ~~frozen~~ petrified thousands of years ago. We found all the earmarks of a vortex.

The object ran along high tension wires from Boulder Dam. Could the object be a scouting ship that was mapping the area to see if it was a magnetic fault zone? Was it from a large cigar-shaped space ship, sent out from beyond our atmosphere for this scouting and controlled by it?

We turned ~~the project~~ our findings over to Cal Tech but they were so busy working on projecting ~~a basketball into outer sapce space as~~ a satellite about the size of a basketball ~~into~~ into outer space they couldn't be bothered by nonsense such as ~~this~~ ours. That Bill Russell of U.S.F. probably could have heaved a basketball into outer space and saved us taxpayers $10,000,000 was not suggested by us because this was before he became the champion of the court game.

~~All~~ of us being part-time researchers, we did not pursue the inquiry further as all of us had to get back to our more prosaic ~~labors~~ jobs. ~~But~~ Later that ~~fix~~ film disappeared as if it had been a garden hose and had been swallowed ~~up~~ by the earth.

I have had to take a lot of ~~[illegible]~~ joshing because in my contribution to a solution of this mystery I reported that the crews of ~~the~~ three grounded saucers were ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ little men. That was hard to believe. If I had said they were built like Tarzan I would have had no ~~[illegible]~~ trouble with doubters.

On a television program with Ken Murray I ~~took a different turn~~ gave a possible explanation. "Maybe," I said, " they sent down their jockeys the first time. It was a long trip, and on long rides, as any horse-player will tell you, ~~[illegible]~~ weight counts."

That got a laugh. Logic usually does.

(As I said before, a lot of us are crazy but not stupid.)

June 2 1953

Some weeks ago Gene Dorsey told us of a session at Sawtelle which he had attended. It was a briefing of an Air Force Reserve unit ~~to which a reserve~~ ~~and a Major Smith had brought Gene~~. The talk was given by a civilian named Al Chopp, who had been with the Air Materiel Command during its custody ~~control~~ of Project Saucer at Wright Patterson Field, and for some time afterward he had been with the project ~~Project Saucer~~ in a consulting civilian capacity.

More recently he has been in charge of Public Relations at the Santa Monica plant of Douglas Aircraft Corporation ~~plant~~ and seemingly has still sufficient stature with the Air Force that they confide in him and encourage his talking to military groups on this subject ~~matter~~ of unknown objects in our skies. Gene thought that since the Air Force had changed its position a great deal since Behind The Flying Saucers was published, perhaps he could arrange for me to attend one of these briefing sessions and asked would I like to go. As it was the first time that anybody suggested a rapprochement between the spokesmen for

the Saucerians (meaning Newton, Scully et al) and a spokesman (however unofficial) for the Air Force, I told Gene I'd be delighted to go to such a meeting. So it was arranged for us to go the following week but the meeting was called off because Chopp was called to Washington not to find out if we were now persona grata but something connected with Douglas and the Air Force, because it obviously follows that they work so closely together, they must have conferences to determine what can be released to the public and what must still remain classified of planes which are either on the assembly line or in the air.

Then last week Gene reported that Chopp was back and the meeting was set for the night of June 1st in a building at Sawtelle. Newton drove me to Dorsey's home and there we met Harold Sherman and all of us drove in his new Buick to Sawtelle. We drove a serpentine route far in the rear of the enormous hospital grounds and then turned left and worked back to several quonset huts to one which I think was marked A 26. By this time it was dark and Gene went

hunting for Peverall Marley who was to meet us there. It was like a rough script of "It Came From Out Of Space". We all met almost to the minute and then went inside the quonset hut where everybody was in civilian clothes except for a few Air Force sergeants who were signing in the reserve pilots.

As I make a habit of never signing anything unless it's drawn to my attention forcibly, I kept on talking to one of the group and kept on walking. When we sat down I recognized Major Smith and a Mr. Myers, who may or may not have been a reserve officer.

They urged me to sit in the front row and within a minute a fellow came up to me and said, "Excuse me, but didn't I meet you at a retreat at Sierra about two months ago? Aren't you Frank Scully?" I said I was and he said, "I didn't know you were interested in this subject".

I passed that off rather airily, inwardly laughing at the idea that I ever could get anywhere as a secret agent. Within a few minutes after this conversation the chairman came over and asked me the same question and as he was most courteous and it looked as if

I were not going to be heaved out on my ear, I remembered what I had read of Alice Duer Miller's novel "The Charm School" and put on all my charm. He asked would I mind being introduced to the Air Force Reserve pilots as the author of "Behind The Flying Saucers". I said "No, I wouldn't" and introduced him to Harold Sherman, who was next to me, as the author of "Thoughts Through Space" and Pev Marley who was the cameraman on "House of Wax", among the first of 3D pictures, and also on "The Greatest Show on Earth", explaining that this was DeMille's version, not the Saucerians.

With that the chairman went over and started the meeting and did introduce us, I took a bow and said nothing, because I was there to learn something new, not to tell what I already knew.

The speaker, Al Chopp, was a handsome man, perhaps 35 or 40, of medium height, brown hair, wearing a salmon pink sports shirt, a blue coat and light blue trousers - no tie. He ruffled a bunch of notes and asked if the pilots

would mind his sitting down as he had had a long day behind him and there probably would be a long session of questions. He said he had been asked to recapitulate some of what had been presented at the first talk and seemingly did not want to labor this too much because he skipped over most of it, giving a paragraph here and there. ¶ The main thing of that earlier talk was that the Air Force still thinks Capt. Mantell met his death while chasing the planet Venus which he mistook for a flying saucer. The next surprise was that the Air Force admitted it had made a bad mess of handling the public relations side of Project Saucer and that it no longer held the view that all those reporting sightings could be classified as victims of mass hallucination, a mild form of hysteria, or perpetrators of hoaxes. Its position now was that too many people which the Air Force itself considered most reliable had reported sightings which could not be explained away by any normal methods of checking friendly or unfriendly objects over our ~~atmosphere~~ possessions.

He sort of leaped from there to a last sheet

to explain that the Air Force had reviewed Dr. Donald Menzel's book, which Col. Elwell Smith had rated "extremely well written" but that Menzel's conclusions were not shared, except for a small percentage of his reports, by the Air Force. Menzel's attempt to explain away objects in the sky as reflections from earth due to temperature inversions did not convince the Air Force, Chopp said, because they had ways of checking on temperature inversion and could discount its effects. Moreover, many of the reported sightings which were caught on radar screens were at a time when temperature inversion was too low to play any great part in the sightings.

He then went on to explain that Menzel had written to the Air Force and asked for a lot of cases in the files and they, not being equipped for that sort of thing at the time, asked him to make the approach through the proper channels of Public Relations and that he would get what he wanted. This was the last the Air Force heard of Menzel till his book came out.

Chopp then explained that the

present policy of the Air Force is to give any information, any civilian wants, if he asks for a particular sighting. The reason for this is they don't want to stimulate mass inquiries and load themselves down with paper work, because the staff isn't very large and there's a tremendous amount of departmental work that they must do, communications, etc. But if you know what you want and ask for it specifically, they will give you all they have on that particular subject. The catch in this, of course, is that you already have to know something about a sighting and in many cases how are you going to know about it if they don't release the information which, in many instances, they have got first? Another catch is that if the information has come through CAA or other sources, and another agency of the government has told civilian pilots to forget about it, it therefore never would appear in the Air Force's files and they quite honestly could say "We have nothing on that subject".

Chopp, it should be said here, was a well-informed, gracious, temperate person and ideally suited for the task of acting as laison between the official group in charge of this phenomenon in Washington and the general public.

He said up to date the Air Force has in its files more than 3,000 sightings. Of these 65% were from civilians of little or no experience in observing familiar or unfamiliar objects in the sky, 25% were reports from the Air Force's own pilots and scientists, 10% were from civilian commercial pilots. I asked him if the 25% the 3,000 sightings still listed as unknown or unidentified were by the 25% reported by their own experts? He said, in the main, yes. It is the mission of the Air Force to identify everything that comes into our atmosphere. Therefore they are charged with continuing Project Saucer until these "unknown objects" become "known."

He said they would not say that these objects were from outside our atmosphere. Neither would they say they were, because if they said they were, they would be immediately pounced on for proof, and they didn't have the proof. But among those in the High Command, about fifty percent of them thought the objects were from out of space and fifty percent didn't think so.

The whole general tenor of this is such a

retreat from the Air Force position held between 1947 and 1951, that those of us who advanced heretical ideas as to the origin and power of these flying saucers ought to feel very comforted.

He didn't reveal that the Air Force has blanketed the country with a radar defense, something I knew was going on in 1950, and which I think has become public knowledge, thanks to one of the government releases, but he went in quite thoroughly to the fact that the saucers sighted over Washington last summer, happened after it was thought the "craze had died down" and he hoped that the quietness of the present month wasn't a foreboding of a similar "shower" this summer, because last summer's display really turned the Pentagon upside down.

In fact it forced General Samford, who at that time had charge of a small Project Saucer, into holding a press conference, and he was so pressed himself for explanations, that he threw in the "temperature inversion theory" which was certainly aid and comfort to Menzel but which Chopp now said

was not the Air Force's position at that time or now, except for a very small number of the reported sightings. Menzel's whole book is based on the premise that all flying saucers could be explained away as natural phenomena, light reflections, mirages, foo-balls and the like. This is a view that Chopp was at great pains to say was not shared by the Air Force at all. He did admit that some scientists supported Menzel and others equally famous were against him. The latter, he said, would not permit their names to be used because they didn't want their names to be used in any connection with flying saucers.

He admitted that Donald Keyhoe who wrote "Flying Saucers Are Real" was refused information back in 1949 and 1950, but as proof that this policy has been dropped, he cited the fact that True got pictures which were taken over Wright Patterson Field in 1952 simply by writing and asking for them. How "True" found out the Air Force had such pictures he also explained. A news story appeared in a Dayton paper and "True" picked it up from there.

How these pictures were taken Chopp also explained. A plane was sent up to either intercept or check on something unfamiliar high above the Wright Patterson area. The pilot had reached the limit of his climb (which Chopp refused to reveal on the grounds that it was classified material). He had a camera in the tail of his plane and this camera shot pictures of the object. He said the Air Force knew that this camera could photograph an object up to 12,000 feet above it, so that meant the object had to be at least within that range.

I might say in this connection that by guessing how high the plane could go and adding 12,000 feet, any schoolboy could come out with a reasonable answer as to how high above the earth this particularly flying saucer was. My guess would be between 50 and 60 thousand feet.

As to the speed of these objects, as caught on radar and very carefully calculated, it would range from a speed so slow that a regular plane would stall if going that slowly, say forty miles an hour, to as fast as 6000 m.p.h. ~~On the other hand, they have been clocked as fast as six thousand knots an hour~~. He said "6000 Knots" As a knot is 1.6 miles, that would mean the saucers were traveling in excess

of 9,000 miles per hour. Many were also reported as "hovering," which in known aircraft is only possible for helicopters.

As all pilots are trained to identify known aircraft, whether they are ours or some other nation's, these unknown craft present many unknown factors. In an attempt to get a unified approach to identifying them, Chopp revealed that radar specialists from six other countries were invited to Washington to a conference. He was quite insistent that we have no flying saucers of our own, don't believe anybody else has, and that practically all materials that were sent by various civilians, have all been identified as familiar to this planet. He held to his course that the Air Force hasn't got a stick of anything outside our atmosphere and it may well be that such material would be classified and so top secret that he and his friends in the Pentagon could in all honesty say they hadn't anything to support the theory that any saucers had landed on this earth.

While Chopp gave the sightings in figures, he gave the unexplained or unknown sightings in a percentage.

But that percentage, when reduced to figures, becomes pretty staggering. It works out to something like 750 sightings which the Air Force can't explain away. When you realize that in their report of December 1949, when they officially closed Project Saucer, they had only 34 unidentified objects, this climb to 750, most of them by the Air Force's own people, men trained in identifying objects, checked by radar and caught on radar screens, the case for the Saucerians becomes more baffling to the Air Force and less baffling to those of us who took the position from the beginning that these objects were from out of space.

Chopp told how one night in July in Washington many of these unfamiliar objects appeared on radar screens and the next night they seemingly came over in such numbers as to have the staff feeling it was being overwhelmed. He himself watched these objects appear on the screen for several hours. It seems they first came on around 8 o'clock and were still at it by 5 A.M. by which time all officialdom was exhausted. There was no camera man, oddly, present from the

Air Force but "Life" had a camera man there and he was privileged to take pictures off the radar screen and a reporter with him was allowed to take down the inter-com messages between the ground crew and the pursuit planes. At least he was up to a certain point, but when the thing went into code, he was denied permission to transcribe that.

This explained to me the difficulty of getting all the facts in relation to any particular sighting and explained further why there are classified files in relation to flying saucers which no one can have even when the Air Force says that everything is open and above board and any civilian can have anything he wants provided he will give the place and date of a particular sighting he's interested in. It follows that if part of that report is woven in with classified material, the truth seeker will not get the whole story. Even those who want to pitch for the Air Force in the public prints and repair the department's badly battered public relations picture, obviously will find themselves denied a peek at certain classified material. He can't even have it for background to fortify his belief that the Air Force is telling the whole truth.

I can see how ~~people~~ a department of the government charged with a measure of its defense would be euchered now and then into such an embarrassing position, and I don't see how the thing can be resolved as long as research into this mystery is left in their hands. A civilian project wouldn't be handicapped in quite the same way but the trend today on all levels of government is along the lines laid down by the military. That is to say, you mustn't tell your people what you're doing in certain fields until the enemy reports it to your people in detail. After that it becomes de-classified. This has turned life into a field holiday for spies and those skilled in counter-espionage.

After his talk, Chopp asked for questions from the floor and I asked a mild one to determine if ~~this~~ the number of unidentified objects which worked out at 25% and the percentage of sightings reported by Air Force pilots, technicians and scientists, meant that most of the unidentified objects were their sightings. He admitted they were. In other words, the Air Force was taking the word of other Brahmins but not of peasants in the field.

St Newton asked if Menzel had checked with the Air Force beyond his first exchange of letters, explaining "He devoted 16 pages to me and never asked me for an affirmation or denial of his libelous charges." ~~People~~ Others present, then wanted to know who this stranger in their midst was and he said his name was Newton - the hero and heavy of Behind the Flying Saucer. A thrill passed through the quonset hut.

This got us back to Menzel and I asked was it a Captain Smith who praised Menzel's book as being well-written? Chopp said no, it was a Col. Elwell Smith.

"Well", I said, "on a literary level I am now reducing him to the rank of captain, because Menzel's book is very badly written. In fact I wrote to ~~him~~ Menzel and asked him if he actually wrote the book himself, because I didn't want to criticize it too severly if it had been written by his wife, his daughter, his students, and then he honored them all by putting his name on it. He answered that he had written all but two chapters and that his daughter had helped him in these. I told the assembled pilots that Menzel clipped and pasted together as much as 7¼ pages of newspaper clippings in continuity, and we on the sand lot level of literature, consider this pretty lousy scholarship. This brought a big

laugh which, if there is anything in telepathy, must have left Menzel, in his Harvard tower, feeling a distinct loss of face, though hardly enough, I'm afraid, for him to commit hari-kari. (hara kiri) Since the Air Force itself had whittled him down to a size of one of the little men from Mars, I didn't see any point in pursuing this side of the seminar any further.

There were questions from various points on the floor and then the chairman asked if I would like to say a few words to the reserve pilots.

I said that I had a mountain of scuttlebutt that would reach from here to the moon, but even reducing it, to get the wheat from the chaff, I was convinced that flying saucers, like girls, were here to stay. I thanked them for letting us share the bull session.

After the meeting adjourned several of us went up to congratulate Chopp in person. Si Newton trotted out some pictures of Adamski's, some of which Chopp had not seen. He also had copies of those printed in El Cruizero in Brazil. The Air Force discounted these because the shadows seemed wrong. Pev Marley, ace photographer of Hollywood pictures for 20 years and winner of awards for his photography on De Mille's Greatest Show On Earth, checked on the pictures and took issue with Copp.

According to him the Brazilian pictures were okay.

Newton then took up the issue of Adamski's pictures, especially those of a flying saucer showing three huge ball bearings which were either landing gear or part of the power plant. The Air Force, Chopp said, discounted these pictures on the grounds that the Palomar Observatory has far finer equipment and they can't get such pictures even with their Schmidt telescope camera—which is on duty 24 hours a day.

Newton then brought out pictures he had taken himself of Adamski's set-up, showing ~~his~~ Adamski's graphlex attached to a 6-inch telescope ~~and set up~~. It was set up at Palomar Gardens, 11 miles ~~below~~ from Palomar Observatory and about 2500 feet below the observatory. He pointed out that even at 180 degrees the Schmidt equipment could not photograph down in the valley where Adamski was and where his pictures were taken.

This stumped Chopp, but he said Intelligence officers had often talked to Adamski without his knowing who they were and they doubted the authenticity of his pictures. Pev Marley examined them and said if they were fakes they were better than Hollywood could do and would have cost a fortune. In fact he pointed out details which ~~indicated betrayed the fact~~ indicated strongly that they weren't fakes.

With that we said goodnight and left ~~them and returned to Hollywood~~ Sawtelle, feeling that our side had gained more in one night than negotiators at Pan Mun Jom had gained in a whole year.